

question of daily bread was really a distressful problem for the family.

Burt was in the employ of an architect. He had known Mr. Saxton for a long time. It was Burt to whom Mr. Saxton had entrusted the drawing up of the plans and specifications of his new invention. These Mr. Saxton had been going over for a week, intending to transmit them to the patent office at Washington. Burt found him pacing his study in a state of the greatest excitement.

"Mr. Tyson," he announced, "I am in deep trouble and distress. Some one entered this room yesterday morning while Annette and I were absent, took the plans of the new motor attachment from my desk and copied them."

"Copied them," repeated Burt in amazement.

"Yes—photographed them. Let me show you," and the old inventor with trembling hands spread out a roll of documents. "At once I noticed they had been disturbed, but only this morning did I observe those splotches of photographic ink on one of them. Do you see?"

"Yes," replied Burt, slowly inspecting the disfigured document in question. "These papers have been tampered with."

"They have been copied as I say, and for a purpose," insisted Saxton with rising agitation. "Don't you understand—Walworth!"

"You suspect the Walworth Company of this wicked act?"

"Suspect? I know!" fairly shouted Saxton. "Listen; a poor, unfortunate fellow whom they deluded and let go, as they served me, took to drink. I found him down to the very verge of wretchedness some time ago and helped him as best I could. He straightened up and got work at a new place. He came to me secretly this afternoon, to inform me that through a friend at the Walworth plant he had learned that today the people there sent on their application for a patent on the very device I have

been working on for so long. Don't you see? They have stolen my patent, they are robbing me for a second time!"

"Then, even if you got your papers into the mail at the very earliest moment tomorrow morning, they would be a day ahead of you?"

"I am too late, I see that," said the inventor, dejectedly.

"Give me those papers!"

It seemed as if a sudden brilliant inspiration had come to Burt. He had arisen to his feet, his eyes glowing, a quick flash of excitement on his face.

"What are you about to do?" began the inventor bewilderedly.

"Leave it to me. Only—hope. I think I see a way to circumvent those Walworth plotters yet."

Then Burt was gone. He passed Annette, lingering at the gate. She noted his agitated manner, his urgency.

"My father—" she faltered.

"He will tell you all," explained Burt, hurriedly. "He is the victim of a cruel, wicked plot. I am going to save him, if I can."

"Bless you!" came the audible benison, falling on his ears like sweetest music. Ah! if he could have heard the whispered words that followed: "Oh, my love, my love—and I dare not tell you!"

Just at daybreak next morning Burt Tyson was at the nearest city. An hour later he had the wires east going in his behalf. It cost him nearly all the two hundred dollars he had saved up to send a long message to a close friend, a young lawyer in Washington.

Word for word he wired the specifications of the Saxton patent. Technical description of the details followed. In fact, all that was necessary to furnish a shrewd, prompt man with the information to secure a patent, were at the other end of the line before business fairly began in the capital city.

At noon that day Burt received